

No Doubt, Six Feet Under

In the morning I wake up
And in the night I sleep
Since the day that I was born
Repeat, repeat, repeat
Brought to this life
Born to this life
Where was I before?
Non-existent? Not at all?
Will I ever know?

Today is my birthday
And I get one every year
And some day...
Hard to believe
But I'll be buried six feet underground

Subconsciously motivated natural instinct
Alter nature for the pleasure
Orthocycline
Flirt with conception
Slow the cycle
Will the baby grow?
Social tradition interference
Control, control, control

Today is my birthday
And I get one every year
And some day...
Hard to believe
But I'll be buried six feet underground
I'll be dead and gone, no longer around

Spinning, spinning
Before I can recall
All the unknown chemicals
Control the cycle
The successive generations
From dust to dust
Burying my grandma
Then give birth to my own daughter

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And I get one every year
And some day...
Hard to believe
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